THE NATIVE AMERICAN.

For the Native American.

GLANCES AT CONGRESS.

No. III.

The Vice-President—Daniel Webster—A Digression and a Scene—Silas Wright, of New York—John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina—The Poetry of History—Public Men.

[CONTINUED.]

Fronting the Vice-President, like a venerable family, meeting around the old chair of the Chief, sit the Representatives of the States, each at his desk, and at his ease in his sleep-seducing chair. The Senators are placed generally without reference to their politics, though even now the English habit of addressing the administration or opposition benches, is gaining ground. They sit without their hats.

Reclining at his ease, with a large bushy head and loose neckcloth, the second official personage of the Union—Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky, Vice-President—claims my first attention.

He is elevated some feet above the level of the floor, and from his position can command a ready view of the Body. With a small ivory stamp he calls the Senate to order, when the Clerk proceeds to read over the deliberations of the last sitting.

Colonel Johnson is a plain man, somewhat in the neighbourhood of sixty. His face is open, frank and benevolent. There is a suavity in his manner that pleases; a plain and sincere style of saying and doing things, that doubtless has contributed to his great popularity. His dress is negligent, and all his habiliments are thrown on with the non-chalance of a genuine Western man, who has been up to his eyes in battles, political and powdery, since he first could handle an argument or aim a rifle. Colonel Johnson is lame, owing, I believe, to a wound received in battle.

His manner of addressing the Senate is rather embarrassed. I do not think, however, that the Colonel likes the practical part of the Vice-Presidentship. His public deportment is not so dignified as it might be, and when I contrast his manner with that of Mr. Van Buren or Mr. Calhoun, both of whom I have seen in the Chair, I cannot but draw a rather disparaging comparison between them and the present incumbent.

Mr. Calhoun was all readiness, vigor, nerve, and fire. Mr. Van Buren, all beautiful ease, calm dignity, and confident ability. Colonel Johnson is unpractised to the rules and orders in that eminent degree for which his predecessors were distinguished.

I have described Mr. Webster in part; and would it not be well to attempt his likeness more in detail? The powerful displays he has made both in the Senate of the United States and at the Bar of the Supreme Court, together with various other incidents and accidents of his life, have placed him high among the ranks of American Statesmen and Orators.

Picture to yourself, then, my good reader, if the power to conjure up the bodies of the mighty living be upon you, a rather robust man entering the Chamber by the Western door. His hat is drawn over his brows, and there is an air of individuality about him that is almost repulsive. He stalks along with a firm and heavy tread, and slightly returns the nods of those who greet his entrance. His hair is black as the raven's wing, and his eyes are remarkably large and glowing. There is a dark shade around them which gives them a gloomy and fearful expression. You gaze into them when their glances are abstracted; and you involuntarily shudder at their strange and mysterious intelligence. The forehead is remarkable. You follow its bold curve almost with fear and trembling. The mouth is peculiar; and in debate I have often fancied that I could see it curve and part like an Indian's bow—scornfully and murderous, withering and disdainful.

Mr. Webster dresses well, almost richly, but he seems to take no note of his clothes, though I have never inclined to the common belief, that indifference to dress was a *sure* indication of genius, whatever it may be of a lack of wardrobe.

In ordinary debate, Mr. Webster is calm and collected; every word is articulated with emphasis, and some of them are curiously pronounced; for instance, the word "*individual.*" He rolls it out, "*individooal.*" I do not like his pronunciation, though I have no doubt it is according to the true New England standard. His great fault as a popular Orator, it strikes me, would be his inability to rouse himself hastily; he takes too long to melt—to pour his soul forth in the sounding strains of eloquence; but as a chaste Parliamentary debater, his collectedness gives him immense advantage. It is his armor of proof—no weapon can penetrate it, but every arrow (as he told General Hayne) "rebounds from his bosom harmless and impotent."

He seems to back his feelings to the very heart, that the mind alone and unclouded, may shine upon his subject; but when after some moments have elapsed, and he has become excited by his theme, beware the lightning and the thunderbolt. I should judge him to be a man of ardent and absorbing enthusiasm; but he forces the fire to slumber away down in the crater, while all above is cold, snow-girt and serene. He would make a splendid Tragedian. I say it not in disparagement. But that brilliant and fearful eye—that deep guttural voice, and those dark locks, would bend a Theatre to its very tears. Then and there he could give vent to the wild and thrilling emotions that can but throng within him—and Daniel Webster, a Tragedian, might rival Daniel Webster, a Statesman!

In debate he is remarkable for his readiness at repartee, and occasionally indulges in a vein of pleasantry, which reminds the imaginative spectator of Jove playing with little eagles.

Leaving the Senate Chamber for a few moments, I will bear the reader to a scene so singular, that I know he will pardon me, when I let him into its history.

Several years ago, there was a Ball given at Carusi's Saloon, in honor of some great occasion—the 22d of February, I believe, and a splendid supper was spread in the lower hall of the Assembly House.

Seated at the head of one of the tables, was a gentleman of great legal eminence, who received an intoxicated insult from a stranger. In a moment the offended gentleman shivered a heavy cut decanter over the head of the inebriate, which gashed his forehead severely. The blood ran in black and heavy drops from the wound, and the man fell back, as I thought, dead, in the arms of his friends. The scene was changed immediately—the laugh and toast were hushed, and violent and deadly denunciations heard among the crowd. I happened to turn my eyes towards the main entrance, and they fell upon an object which shall not easily pass away from my mind.

Livid, as a corpse, stood Daniel Webster on the step descending from the door. He had delivered a speech at a public dinner at Fuller's Tavern, and had but just entered, holding a glass of wine in his hand. I was struck with his singular aspect—never before had I imagined such an eye—so pale, yet composed a face. Was it the sight of blood that thus affected him? But so it was, he stood amid all that confusion and uproar, rigid as a statue, while the bumper which he held in his hand did not vibrate the variation of a hair!

I had seen Mr. Webster in other scenes—in the Senate Chamber—when the battle was raging around him. I had seen him proudly, almost disdainfully advance to the combat, and had watched his demeanor; but his remarkable countenance had never worn the weird expression that it did upon this occasion. It haunts me to this hour, and as I write by my midnight lamp, I gather my breath quickly, lest that countenance should be glaring by my side.

Calm as a summer morn, while storms and tempests are gathering in the atmosphere, shrouded in his own peculiar temperament, and blessed with a philosophy which smiles at frowns and hoots at human hate, sits the Hon. Silas Wright, of New York. For two or three sessions, Mr. Wright was entirely out of my good books. There was something so provokingly good natured in his composition, that I could not take to him. I saw none of that bitterness and sarcasm which should have distinguished so prominent a man, and which is his most potent weapon in political warfare. No man possessed that quality to a greater degree than the Hon. John Forsyth. When he was in the Senate during the great memorial year, when yard-sticks were used to measure popular feeling, that distinguished Southerner paid back with interest the warm assaults of his adversaries. There was an aptness, a fitness and a withering irony about Mr. Forsyth, that made him feared. But with Mr. Wright, though he takes a decided interest in vital questions, he never permits his feelings to display the extent of that interest. He has an arsenal of arms and a magazine of ammunition stored away in his powerful mind; but he never darts the one into the heart of his foe, or blows up his entrenchments with the other. He permits other Senators to vex their lungs and spoil their tempers, while he, with his sunny face and beaming eye, holds perfect dominion over himself, and thus obtains dominion over others.

He is always prepared for an attack, which he parries with skill; and I have frequently seen him terribly assailed, but with a quietude that must have been the envy of the whole Senate, he merely turned upon his foe, and in his quaint and sagacious way, has repelled their arguments with ingenuity, and warded off their rhetoric with a shrug.

Mr. Wright has the consistency of self-opinion strongly developed. When once his acute mind has mastered a subject, it adheres inflexibly to its convictions. Devoted to the administration of Mr. Van Buren, he yields him a warm and welcome support. Profound as a Politician, he permits no eye to discover the changes produced by the shifting of circumstances on his mind. Confident in his ever-ready genius, he allows the current of events to flow, and while he scrutinizes every ripple, a casual observer would suppose that he was perfectly indifferent to its complexion. But he is a seer in the transactions of men—nothing escapes his vigilant eye. The very shadows that creep to and fro between men who stand high in public estimation, are the minions of his will. With great natural ability, equal in its original conformation to that of any other living statesman of our country, Mr. Wright lacks that broad philosophical cast of mind which is the acquisition of long and ardent application—won by searching among the archives of other nations for their theories and plans, their failures and their triumphs. He stands on the bright side of time, little concerning himself with the records of past kingdoms, and consequently as he does not study their causes of success or failure, he never can assume that proud station where his natural force of genius might contribute to elevate him.

In person, Silas Wright is about six feet in height, and of rather robust form; his face is oval and intelligent; his forehead prominent and compact, strictly in keeping with his mental faculties. His voice is not good, it being crossed with an unfortunate twang which breaks the force of his elocution; but after listening to him two or three times, you lose the nasal defect in the deliberate and courteous manner of the Senator.

I shall close my paper, already long, with a rapid sketch of John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina.

He sits on the right hand of the Vice-President. How many eyes are always directed in quest of him from the galleries;—men, women, and children, all anxious to see this remarkable man. I can, with difficulty, bring myself up to the proper tone for a description. He is so peculiar in his person and intellect, and a common hand dares the portraiture with a deferential acknowledgment of its incapacity; but the duty is imposed upon me, and I will proceed.

John C. Calhoun is about fifty-five years of age; his hair is dark and coarse, and combed back from his forehead, which is projecting and massive; his eye is superior in intensity to Daniel Webster's—it is large and gray, like an eagle's—every one observes it at once—so full of fire that the mind is impressed with the idea that it is the lamp of a wild and daring genius, shining through the darksome chambers of mortality. I remember on one occasion, in particular, that Mr. Calhoun had the floor—I forget the question—but it had aroused and excited him very much—his slender frame was dilated—his words fell rapidly from his lips—the Senate Chamber was crowded with ladies, many of whom had chairs in the principal aisle. There was a general hush over that assemblage, and the fervid eloquence of the Orator, and the attentive crowd, formed an interesting spectacle. Suddenly Mr. Calhoun turned from his address to the Chair, and in a moment of rapt abstraction, his eyes became fixed upon the face of a beautiful girl who was sitting near him. His large orbs were fixed like those of a corpse—a shudder ran from one to another like an electric shock; and while he gazed, which was only for a moment or so, the lady shrieked! The trance was broken, and the great Nullifier dashed forward in his impetuous course.

There never could have been a face better suited to the character of the man, than that of Mr. Calhoun.

Full of genius, sternness, and ambition, how awfully must he be swayed at times; for with nerves strained to the most fastidious delicacy, a mind ever on the flight, after some lofty speculation, and which gathers strength from the past, that it may flee more gloriously into the future, he cannot but be acted upon in a remarkable degree by those important events that convulse governments. I say "awfully," (and it is a strong word,) because I believe that our institutions are calculated to excite to the deepest enthusiasm those who take a leading part in the political questions of the day. They plead to no king or emperor, in whose good opinion lies the goal of ambition, as in some countries; but they take a position before an immense nation—before a people who constitute the source of punishment as well as of reward—whose hatred is oblivion—whose love immortality. These powerful inducements to excel, operating upon an enthusiastic and capacious mind, are like those large quantities of opium eaten by the people of the East; they either rouse to almost superhuman effort, or lull to beastly indifference. There can be no medium platform for ambitious men in this country. The steps to ultimate success are inviting, and every vista opens upon a triumphal arch; crowds of people beckon the aspirant on to dare the utmost, and with a feverish impulse to accomplish all, the votary of ambition rushes either to his desire or his doom. With these opinions, I do not think my language exaggerated when I say that Mr. Calhoun is *awfully* swayed at times. The remarkable game played by Mr. Calhoun within the last few years, has filled our political circles with speculation. I refer, again, to the agitating subject of the Tariff of 1833. I look upon him, and my mind becomes confused with a strange retro-vision—it conjures up a scene which, however now it may wear the garb of fancy, was in those days the almost certain expectation of our wisest and most unimaginative men.

I look at him, and wonder that he is so fixed and stern. He sits in his citizen's dress in his cushioned chair; but who would have thought it, four short years ago? Travel with me, reader. The times in eighteen hundred and thirty-three, were times of earthquake—excitement. The North and South stood armed, cap-a-pee, ready for the bloody signal to strike each other with their iron hands. The Tariff Law and Force Bill had created this unnatural state of things. The Tariff Law insisted upon by the North and West, and denounced by the South. The Proclamation, too, issuing from the Cabinet at Washington, had roused the spirit of revolution, and the storm-cloud girt darkly and heavily the whole horizon of the Union. South Carolina, in particular, had warmly proclaimed her opposition and independence. The Governor of the State had issued his proclamation to the State Militia, and the scenes of La Vendee were on the eve of reaction in our borders. Having briefly outlined the grim aspect of affairs at that eventful crisis, I will now indulge in what probably the reader will smile at, my vision. It comes up to me whenever connecting those circumstances in my mind, I gaze upon the chivalrous bearing of John C. Calhoun; for he is the mirror in which I see this gloomy picture. I see him standing on a sandy plain of the South. The sun shines hotly down. Encompassed by a vast assemblage of men, whose ranks bristle with arms, he stands alone on a rising mound, silent. A sword is in his hand, a long and glittering blade, on which he leans. Flags are drooping around their staffs, unmoved in the sultry atmosphere. The shrill note of the fife—the blustering rattle of the drum die away, and rouse him not;—tall, dark, and solitary, like one of his native pines, he continues in his reverie, unconscious of the dusky cloud that rises in the distance, and the heavy sounds of rattling wheels, like thunder, that boom from afar. The assemblage move like the waves of a troubled sea, and hoarse voices ever and anon are muttered forth from the army's throat; but he hears them not. A vision, too, is opening its grand changes before his rapt imagination. No mortal tongue can ever reveal what that dream was. Keen eyes are watching every shadow that may pass across his brow; for on those shades depend the fate of thousands. Devotion and dread reign throughout the people. He moves not but with an eye full of solemn and glorious phantoms; he stands amid that parched and arid field unmoved, silent, and fierce.

Hark! a sound winds up in melodious cadences from yonder green ravine—a sound like a bugle; and suddenly a horseman comes upon the margin of the field;—slowly another vast array of men, with flags of stars and stripes, display themselves from amid the woods. The bugle sounds again. A solitary canon breaks the awful solemnity of the pause. The first of anger since the war of '12. The scene is now confused, and a canopy of smoke hangs over the contending forces, and blood runs mingling with the furrows of the field. And where is that haughty and solitary man? He is in the foremost rank, with his eye flashing, and that long, bright blade black with carnage. His stern lips are closed, and he seems to defy the bullet-hail. He falls—a loud shout of victory, and the vision rolls away in dust and desolation. No flags of beauty and glory will wave over that field again, but stiffened corpses strew it for miles around.

A man, whom I am to name in my next number, stepped forth in the council of the nation, and flung the bow of peace and promise between the North and South—else, what I have penned in fancy, might have been a bloody chapter in the history of mankind. The clouds that hung so heavily have faded from the view. The Compromise Act, in compromising between the Federal Government and a State, established harmony and order, and the sun shines not "upon States dissevered." It is not for me to close my desultory sketches with a sermon: I have briefly scanned a few prominent men of the day. Perhaps my sketches may serve to excite the minds of our young men to study the speeches of the individuals I have brought before them in these pages—to ponder over their public acts, and deduce lessons of benefit therefrom. The youth of this country must be moved to study well and thoroughly the characters of their Statesmen. To those men is attached a high and fearful importance; they are the chief stars of a splendid nation; the pioneers into the dim forests of the New World of Politics—for the politics of this country are like the majestic forests that are strown wide and broad over its fields, fresh, mighty, and enduring. Under the mantle of popularity they may instil a poison into the veins of public morals—may overthrow the pillars of freedom, and palliate, if not excuse the ruin, by the boast of good intentions. Let them know, however, that a great class of students is formed in every nook and confine of the Union, to study their speeches, to judge them by their opinions, and they will be careful in the performance of those trusts that have fallen into their hands.

Thus a proper vigilance among the people will be established, and the public men will move in their respective spheres, like those pure and bright planets of the skies, subservient to the intelligence of a nation, and in accordance with the high ends of universal peace.

[TO BE CONTINUED.

THE WAR OF OPINIONS.

Every account from Europe attests the correctness of the views here taken more than a year since, of the political state of the civilized world. This war of opinions, or of *categories*, as Lafayette termed it, is in truth commenced, and Americans, if they will but use common observation, cannot but feel that a neglect to notice and provide against the consequences of that settled, systematic hostility to free institutions so strongly manifested by foreign powers, and which is daily assuming a more serious aspect, will inevitably result in mischief to the country, will surely be attended with anarchy, if they wake not to the apprehension of the reality of this danger. Americans, you indeed sleep upon a mine. This is scarcely a figure of speech. You have excitable materials in the bosom of your society, which, skilfully put in action by artful demagogues, will subvert your present social system. You have a *foreign interest* too, daily, hourly increasing, ready to take advantage of every excitement, and which will shortly be beyond your control, or will be subdued only by blood. You have agents among you, men in the pay of those very foreign powers, whose every measure of foreign and domestic policy has now for its end and aim *the destruction of liberty every where.* To increase your peril, you have a press that will not apprize you of the dangers that threaten you; we can reach you with our warnings only through our special American journals; the daily press is blind, or asleep, or bribed, or afraid; at any rate, it is silent on this subject, and thus is throwing the weight of its influence on the side of your enemies. Foreign spies have clothed themselves in a Jacobin dress, and so awe-struck are our journalists at its texture, or so unable or unwilling to discern the difference between the man and his mask, that they start away in fear, lest they should be called persecutors, if they should venture to lift up the cloke that hides a foreign foe. Americans, if you depend on your daily press, you rely on a broken reed; it fails you in your need. It dare not, no, it dare not attack foreign partizans, though they are only partizans in name and designed enemies in fact. It dare not drag into the light the *political* enemies of your liberty, because they come in the name of *philanthropy.* All despotic Europe is awake and active in plotting your downfall, and yet they let you sleep, and you chose not to be awaked: "a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep." And now, like a man whose house is on fire, dreaming of comfort and security, you will perhaps repel with passion and reproach the friendly hand that would wake you in season to escape with your life.

Do you doubt whether Europe is in hostile array against liberty? Read of the movements and revolutions of foreign cabinets, as one or the other principle temporarily predominates. Read the views of the statesmen of Europe. A distinguished member of the Spanish Cortes, Don Telesforo de Trueba, in a speech delivered before that body a few months since, says, "The present war is not a war of succession but of principle—*liberty and despotism are at issue.* England, France, Belgium, Spain and Portugal have ranged themselves under the banner of the former, but it is not necessary for me to name those powers who follow the standard of the latter." Of Don Carlos and his government he says, "Ignorance, hypocrisy and fanaticism are his only counsellors, whispering to him new modes of oppressing his people. Every thing around is stamped with the marks of baseness and falsehood, while in this infernal region desolation and death reign triumphant. A sanguinary government is sacrificing human victims—men who wish to bring back the dark ages, the age of tyranny, and ignorance, and death."

The foreign correspondent of the Evening Post, in a letter from Florence, Italy, published in that journal December 27, 1834, has the following information directly from Tuscany.

"Hitherto" (in the administration of the government) "a disposition has been shown to let off political offenders as lightly as possible; but lately, however, something of *the same jealousy of republicanism has shown itself which has been manifested by the other absolute governments of Europe.* A quarterly journal was suppressed a few months since *on account of something which gave offence to Austria.* This, and several other acts of the Grand Duke, have greatly diminished his personal popularity. The *rulers of Italy appear to have come to an understanding*, that it is time to make an example of some of the disaffected."

Now this Austria is the same busy, meddling government that is operating in this country; we scarcely read the name of Austria in a foreign journal, or in letters from abroad, but in connection with some plan for extinguishing liberty; and yet we harbor her emissaries, promote their secret designs, contribute our money to swell their coffers, court their favor, shield them from all attack, yes, even put ourselves under their protection: all, all this we do, and our native blood flows evenly in our veins. Spirit of '76, where dost thou sleep? MORSE.

We understand that one of the vessels originally designed for the Exploring Expedition is now in our harbor, in the capacity of receiving ship. She was found, upon trial, to be entirely unfit for the duty to which she had been devoted. She was built, we believe, in some of the eastern ports.—*Baltimore Chronicle.*

From the Genius of Liberty.

MELANCHOLY EVENT.—On Sunday morning, the 28th ult., there occurred to cast a general gloom over our peaceful little town, one of those awful dispensations of Heaven, which in a moment blast the fondest hopes of families, and fill the heart with anguish too great for utterance. On the morning referred to, Thomas H. Mason, son of Wm. T. T. Mason, Esq., in his fifteenth year, was found dead in a field within a short distance of the town, and conveyed to his father's house. It appears, that on Saturday, the day preceding, young Mason, his brother, and another companion, took their guns and went out to amuse themselves in hunting. In the forenoon it rained, and, with slight intermissions, the day throughout was stormy and unpleasant. Though not constantly exposed to the weather, the two brothers continued out till late in the afternoon, when, wet and fatigued, they turned their steps towards home. When near to town, the elder brother, walking faster, passed his brother, and came on, supposing he was just behind, and would soon reach home. Night came, and his brother not arriving, he returned with some friends to the place where he had last seen him, and diligent search was made without success. On their return, the alarm was given, and our citizens promptly assembled in considerable numbers, and commenced a search in the neighboring fields and farm houses, which was continued throughout the night, and till about eight o'clock on Sunday morning, when the body of young Mason was discovered lying on his face in a field of Mr. Selden's, within two hundred yards of the main road, and not ten minutes' walk from his home. Exhausted from the effects of a cold rain—without any refreshment since morning, (for he went out before breakfast,) and fatigued with a long continued walk, it is supposed this unfortunate youth fell from extreme weakness, and found himself unable to rise again. On examining the body, it was found he had fallen with his hands under him, and from a severe contusion on the face he doubtless received a violent shock. In this situation, it is probable, he was insensible to suffering, and, unconscious of his lonely bed, quickly sunk into the arms of death.

Though doomed to an early grave, Thomas H. Mason had already given promise of future usefulness by the unfolding of excellent qualities of both mind and heart, and the attainment of such an amount of classical learning as is rarely to be found even in well educated boys of riper years. The deep and sincere sympathies of a whole community are felt for the afflicted family: but, alas! sympathy cannot soften the intensity of suffering; it can only add its soothing power to the mellowing influence of time. May the Being who has stricken, be their support in this hour of darkness, and bind upon their bleeding hearts the balsams and the balms of Heaven.

[*Communicated.*

ON THE DEATH OF T. H. MASON.

Why, Oh most fell destroyer! hast thou set
Thy clammy seal upon that brow?
And why, Oblivion, teach us to forget
The soul which lightened it, but now?
A soul so guileless and so bright,
It seemed by some kind Angel given;
A star, whose rays might gild the night,
And light for us the path to Heaven!

January 30, 1838. J. D. M.

The following advertisement we copy from the Baltimore Chronicle of Monday last, merely with a view of showing the advantages which are frequently offered to young men through the public journals—and yet not one young gentleman in ten, support, subscribe, or even read, a newspaper once a month. Many of them, no doubt, would have given the price of three subscriptions, sooner than miss so admirable a chance as this. It is truly a prize worthy of attention.

"TO THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN."

"A young Lady, between twenty and twenty-one years of age, of handsome person and amiable disposition, with a fortune of fifteen thousand dollars, wishes to engage in the matrimonial state with any *Young* Gentlemen of good family and pleasing manners. To those who choose to avail themselves of this notice, an interview will be granted, provided they will address P. M. through the Baltimore Post Office before Wednesday next. No attention will be paid to any, if real name and address will not be put."—Jan. 29.

The Chronicle says that "the above advertisement, which appeared in that paper on Monday last, addressed 'To the Young Gentlemen' came to hand through the Post Office, accompanied by the money necessary to pay for its publication. It is in a neat lady's hand, and so far as they can judge, appears to be 'a fair business transaction.'

A Marrying Man.—Ten gentlemen of Richmond, Virginia, have published a warning to the public, "and especially females," against one John Garnet, now supposed to be moving somewhere in the West, who replenishes his exchequer by marrying rich and unsuspecting women, and then making off with all their effects he can lay his hands on. He is known to have played this trick upon two, and believed to have deluded and betrayed several others. His outer man is thus described:

Garnet is, in appearance, about the middle size, very black hair and eyes, quite handsome, black beard, is fond of trading horses, gambles some, and drinks occasionally. When he left here it was with the intention of going to the West, in which country he has travelled much.

The following item—which we extract from one of our exchange lists—may, in some measure, account for the kind and benevolent feeling manifested by the Northern *women* (to use the emphatical word of their especial representative in the House of Representatives) in behalf of the *poor slaves* of this Ten Miles Square. Not wishing in any measure to interfere with their fancy, but disposed to say to them, with all frankness, in the old, but homely adage, "every one to their liking, as the old woman said, &c. &c.," we will not withhold from them our commendation, for their determination, that whatever else they may be, *fair or unfair*, their husbands shall be *freemen.*—*Potomac Advocate.*

AMALGAMATION, PRO AND CON.—Some awfully liberal ladies of Rehoboth, Mass., having petitioned the Senate and House of Representatives of that State, for a repeal of the law prohibiting the intermarriage of white persons and people of color, some of the latter class have presented a counter memorial, in which they say that regarding this as a very wise and salutary law, calculated to preserve the purity of their race, and to prevent the evils resulting from a mixed breed, they respectfully, but earnestly, remonstrate and protest against a repeal of the law referred to.